

no, she would not leave her Colonel and his friends.

Would they not come too? No, they would not.

'Only my Lady grew kind at parting and said, indeed if Tom Paunton and J. Morton and the rest would have gone, she could have been contented to have taken his offer/

(Life, we may note, does not seem to have been always

quite so grim in Puritan England as is sometimes supposed.)

Another unfortunate husband is Lord Leicester,

who after forty years of wedlock has suddenly taken it

into his head to try to get the mastery of his lady; with

poor success, however. 'What an age do we live in',

Dorothy concludes, 'when 'tis a miracle if in ten couple

that are married, two of them live so as not to publish to

the world that they cannot agree.'

She has indeed very definite views on the whole subject

of matrimony. Optimistic she is not. Quite a short while

back, indeed, she 'was quite out of love with a thing

called marriage'. She sees with a pitying mockery the

decay of love it brings. Her cousin Franklin used to have

the fault of 'kissing his wife before company, a foolish,,

trick that young married men, it seems, are apt to; he

has left it long since, I suppose<sup>9</sup>. Yet she cannot resign

herself to face such a falling-off. 'I could be infinitely

better satisfied with a husband that had never loved me,

in hope that he might, than with one that began to love

me less than he had done.' And she grows bitter in her

contempt for marriages that are mercenary  
and loveless  
from the first. Her neighbour, Lady Grey de  
Ruthin, is  
engaged to a Mr. Yelverton:' 'tis the most  
troublesome,  
busy, talking little thing that ever was born;  
his tongue  
goes like the clack of a mill, but to much less  
purpose  
You would wonder to see how tired she is  
with his im-  
pertinences, and yet how pleased she is to  
think she shall  
have a great estate with him, . . . Two or  
three great